



KONAMI OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK

TACTICAL ESPIONAGE ACTION

METAL GEAR SOLID®

Written by **KRIS OPRISKO** Artwork by **ASHLEY WOOD**



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ACTUAL ESPIONAGE FICTION®

METAL GEAR SOLID®



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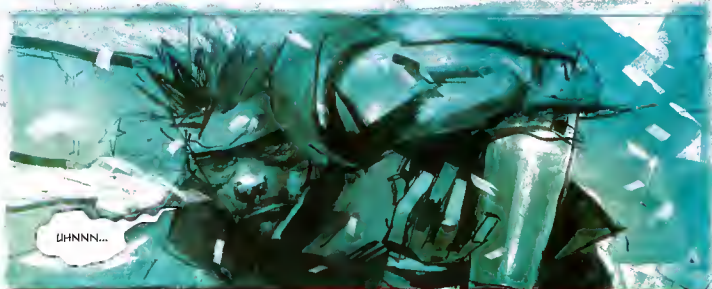
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FINALLY!

THE MIGHTY
SOLID SNAKE
IS FINISHED!



UHHNN...



WELL?
WHAT ARE
YOU WAITING
FOR?
**DESTROY
HIM!**



SHAKE IT
OFF, MOVE!
MOVE!

BUDDA!!
BUDDA!!
BUDDA!!

DAMN IT!





"I CAN STILL
SEE YOU, SNAKE."

"YOU CANNOT HIDE
THERE FOREVER."

"EH? WHAT IS HE..."

BUDDA!!
BUDDA!!
BUDDA!!

BUDDA!!
BUDDA!!
BUDDA!!
BUDDA!!



DON'T LET
HIM NEAR THE
TANK YOU
FOOL! TAKE
HIM OUT!



BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA
LIKE
SHOOTING
FISH IN A
BA-



BOOM!
THERE
HE IS!

I GOT HIM!
I GOT HI-



KOFF! KOFF!
WHERE DID HE
GO?

THERE!

HA! I'LL
BLOW YOU OFF
THE FACE OF
THE EARTH...

ZIP



TIME TO DIE
SNAKE.

EH?

KA-BOOM!





HE'S STILL IN
RANGE. SHALL I
DESTROY HIM?

NO.
LET HIM
GO...

BUT KEEP
AN EYE ON
HIM. I DON'T
WANT HIM OUT
OF CONTACT
RANGE.

VERY
WELL

YOU HAVE
PROVEN
YOURSELF A
WORTHY
ADVERSARY
SNAKE

"I LOOK FORWARD TO
OUR NEXT ENCOUNTER."

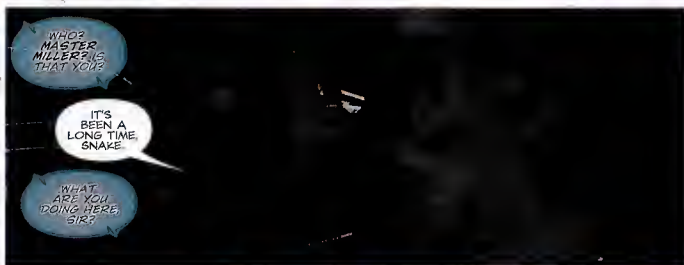


A PSG-1
SNIPER RIFLE
AND A NIKITA
LAUNCHER.

NOW
THIS IS WHAT I
CALL QUALITY OSP*
WEAPONRY.
NICE.

I JUST HOPE
YOU REMEMBER HOW
TO OPERATE THE
REMOTE-CONTROLLED
MINI-RECON MISSILES
FOR THAT NIKITA OSP
WEAPON. AREN'T
MUCH GOOD IF YOU
CAN'T USE THE
AMMO.

On-Site Procurement



WHO?
MASTER
MILLER? IS
THAT YOU?

IT'S
BEEN A
LONG TIME,
SNAKE.

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING HERE,
SIR?




I WAS
IN RETIREMENT
FROM MY POSITION
AS FOXHOUND DRILL
INSTRUCTOR, BUT
CAMPBELL TOLD ME
YOU COULD USE A
HAND. I'M AT YOUR
DISPOSAL.

SIR, YOU
KNOW THERE'S
NO ONE I'D
RATHER HAVE IN
A FOXHOLE
THAN YOU.




WE'LL CATCH
UP LATER. RIGHT
NOW YOU NEED
TO HEAD TOWARD
THE SECOND
BASEMENT LEVEL.
EMMERICH SHOULD
BE THERE.

PROCEED
WITH UTMOST
CAUTION. LIQUID
HAS TO BE
AWARE OF YOUR
POSITION BY
NOW.




IS THIS
WISE? LETTING
SNAKE GO FREE
LIKE THIS?



WHY NOT?
WE CAN AFFORD
TO PLAY WITH
HIM FOR A LITTLE
WHILE LONGER


YOU WOULD
BE WISE NOT TO
UNDERESTIMATE
HIM.



I NEVER
UNDERESTIMATE
ANYONE. WHAT IS
YOUR ASSESSMENT
OF HIM?


HE IS JUST
AS YOU SAID. HE
LIVES AND BREATHE
COMBAT, EXACTLY
LIKE YOU. I WOULD
EXPECT NO LESS,
CONSIDERING YOUR...
RELATIONSHIP.

YOU **SEE?** I
TOLD YOU SO.
BUT IT DOESN'T
MATTER. IN THE
END, I WILL
KILL HIM.



**WATCH
YOUR TONGUE,
SHAMAN!** THAT
DAMN **NINJA** TOOK
MY HAND. BUT IT
WAS SNAKE WHO
Distracted
ME.

AND
HOW WILL YOU
ACCOMPLISH THIS
GENERAL IVAN?
NOT ONLY DID HE
TAKE YOUR **HAND**
BUT HE TOOK
YOUR **DIGNITY**
AS WELL.

A Native American man with a raven on his head. The raven is perched on his head, facing forward. The man is looking down, and his expression is somber. The background is a dark, textured surface.

IN THE
LANGUAGE OF
THE SIOUX PEOPLE,
SIOUX MEANS
SNAKE. IT IS KNOWN
AS AN ANIMAL TO
BE FEARED.

I FEAR
NOTHING
ESPECIALLY SOLID
SNAKE! WHEN WE
NEXT MEET I'LL TAKE
SPECIAL CARE OF
HIM...

NO. DON'T
KILL HIM YET.
I STILL HAVE
PLANS FOR
HIM

REGARDLESS
HIS FATE IS
SEALED. HE AND I
WILL MEET AGAIN
IN BATTLE.

HMPH. SAME
PREDICTION AS
ALWAYS?


"YES. THE RAVEN ON MY HEAD...

"IT THIRSTS FOR HIS BLOOD."



Snake!
Don't move!

Koffi! Deep
throats Koffi!
The room is
filled with gas.
I don't have
time to...



SNAKE,
whatever you
do, do not take
another step!
The floor in
front of you is
electrified!



So how do
I— Koffi!

FIRST, YOU
HAVE TO DESTROY
THE HIGH-VOLTAGE
SWITCH. IT'S THE
SWITCHBOARD BEHIND
THE WALL IN THE
ADJACENT OFFICES.
SINCE YOU CAN'T REACH
IT, YOU'LL HAVE TO
USE A REMOTE-
CONTROLLED
MISSILE.

THE
NIKITA...

Koffi! Koffi!
Gas...
penetrating
the mask.



ONLY TIME
FOR ONE
SHOT...

Foom...

"CONTROLLING IT REMOTELY..."

VRRIIIRRRRRRR

BA-BOOM!

"GOT IT!"

-SKOFF-

SNAKE
ARE YOU
THROUGH
THE GAS?

-SKOFF-
AFFIRMATIVE.

HOW THE
HELL DID YOU
KNOW ABOUT THE
ELECTRIFIED FLOOR?
AND WHERE MY
POSITION IS?

SORRY,
I'M AFRAID
WE'RE ON A
NEED-TO-KNOW
BASIS, AND YOU
DON'T NEED
TO KNOW.

BE
CAUTIOUS
IT'S NOT
OVER YET..



WHY ARE
SO MANY OF
US ASSIGNED
TO GUARD THIS
NERDY LAB RAT,
ANYWAY?

EMMERICH?
BOSS SAYS HE'S
REAL IMPORTANT
HIGH-PRIORITY
ASSET. HE'S—



WHAT?
WHAT IS
IT?

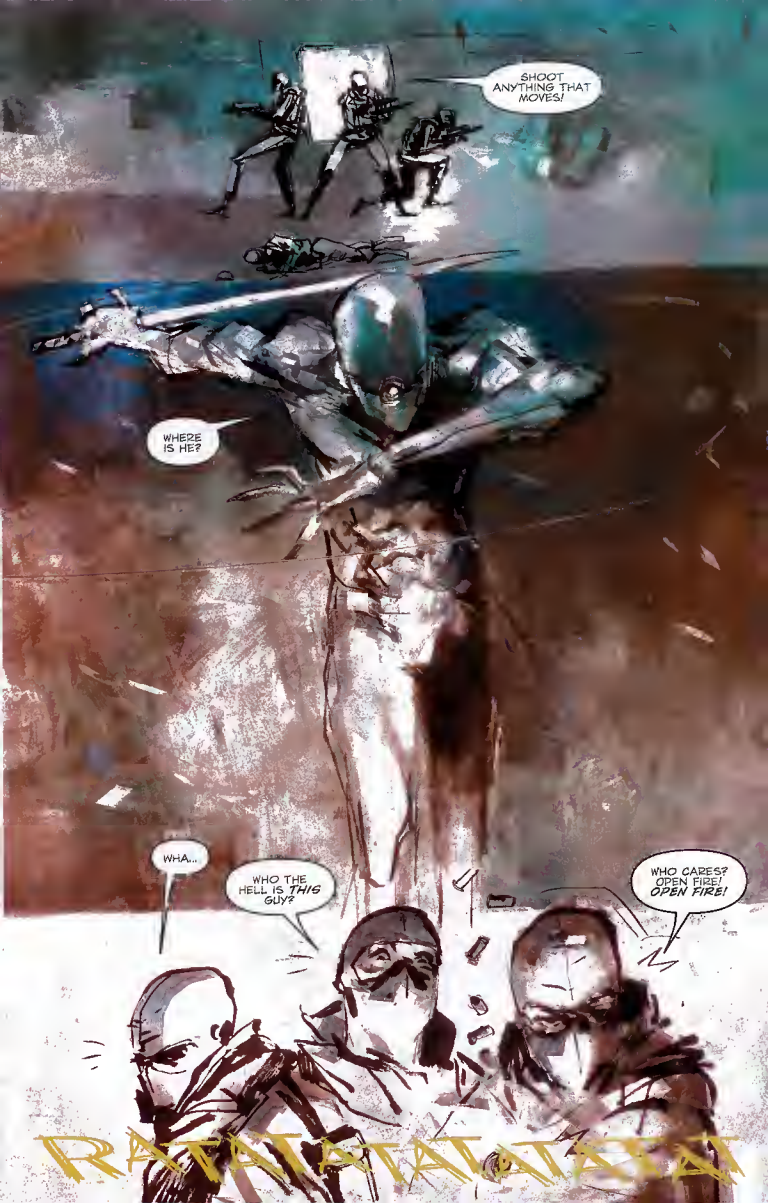
DID YOU
SEE THAT?

NOTHING.
I JUST
THOUGHT I
SAW...



I SAW... A...
GG-GHK-KKHSS

OMIGOD.



GLAM BLAM

PKOW

K-TANG

RATATATATATAT

STOP
HIM!

FOR GOD'S
SAKE, SOMEBODY
STOP HIM!

WHKKKRT

URK!

SWKKKKKKT

ANIIIEEGGGHHH!









PERHAPS
I AM A
GHOST.

WHO
CAN TRULY
SAY?



HEY, YOU!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
IN HERE?

WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S
AFTER **EMMERICH**.

WHICH MEANS I'LL
HAVE TO STOP HIM.

ASSUMING THAT'S
EVEN POSSIBLE...

SOMEBODY
PLEASE HELP!

NO!

WHERE IS MY
FRIEND?


W-WHAT?

TELL ME
WHERE HE IS
NOW OR SUFFER
THE SAME FATE
AS THOSE
FOOLS.

I-I'M SORRY
I D-DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT...

PLEASE
DON'T KILL
ME!

DON'T
MOVE!



DROP THE
SWORD AND BACK
AWAY FROM THE
NEED, SLOWLY.

SNAKE!

EXCELLENT.

I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR
YOU.

JUST WHO
THE HELL
ARE YOU?

NEITHER
ENEMY NOR
FRIEND.

I HAVE
RETURNED FROM
A WORLD WHERE
SUCH TERMS ARE
MEANINGLESS.

"I'VE REMOVED ALL OBSTACLES.
THE PATH IS CLEAR TO ME NOW.

"YOU AND I MUST FIGHT TO THE DEATH!"

To be continued...

Vulcan Raven

Sex: **Male**

Status: **Single**

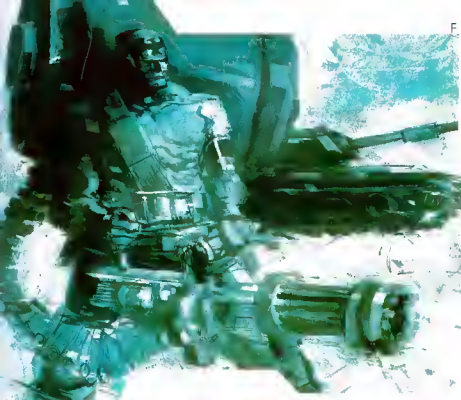
Age: **Thirties**

Nationality: **American**

Height: **210 cm.**

Additional skills:


Superhuman strength and senses, ability to control nature spirits, extreme tolerance of cold temperatures.



Born and bred in the wilds of Alaska, Vulcan Raven is a half-Native American, half-Inuit giant of a man. The harsh environment that formed his character resulted in a man almost immune to frigid cold; a talent further enhanced by his status as a shaman.

As a young man, Vulcan Raven made his way to the former Soviet Union, where he made the acquaintance of Revolver Ocelot. This led, in turn, to a stint in a mercenary band in Outer Heaven, where he met the rest of the Foxhound team. Quickly joining their ranks, Vulcan Raven soon became an invaluable member.

His prodigious strength and resiliency alone make him a formidable foe. These skills, coupled with the heightened senses and control over nature spirits granted him in his role of shaman, make him an almost unbeatable foe.



Meryl Silverburgh

M e r y l S i l v e r b u r g h

Real Name: **Meryl Silverburgh**

Sex: **Female**

Status: **Single**

Age: **Teens**

Nationality: **American**

Height: **175 cm.**

Additional skills:

**Genome-enhanced
reflexes and endurance,
proficiency with the
Desert Eagle pistol.**



Meryl Silverburgh, niece of Col. Roy Campbell, has been steeped in military culture and tradition since the day she was born. Even at an early age, she embraced this culture, and has wished for nothing other than a chance to become a soldier.

Meryl has been a dedicated fitness devotee her entire life, honing her mind and body for the day that she would finally taste combat. She also trained herself to become a master of the Desert Eagle pistol. Augmenting these natural abilities and mastered skills through genetic engineering and combat simulations resulted in a supremely confident would-be warrior with an intense desire to see action. Meryl's wish would be answered on her first mission, although not quite in the way she anticipated!